Unconſtant Phillis:

OR,

The Infortunate Shepherds Lamentation.

A Shepherd Swain in Love with *Phillis* fair,
By her diſdain is brought to ſuch diſpair;
That doubtleſs he will dye without relief,
To an excellent new play-houſe Tune:

Such is his ſorrow, and ſo great his grief,
His *Phillis* lov'd him once, but he neglected
The preſent time, and now he is rejected.
Or, Tell me no more you love.

HOw cruel is Fortune grown,
to turn all my hopes to diſpair,
From bliſs I am headlong thrown,
and baniſht the ſight of my dear:
Grant me ſome pitty kind heaven,
to my ſorrows afford ſome relief,
Or let my poor ſoul be given,
a Party unto my grief.

All night I can take no reſt,
but Phillis is ſtill in my mind,
In dreams I with her am bleſt,
but waking I find her unkind;
Which pierceth my heart full ſore,
and wounds me in every vein,
So much that I cry and roar,
whilſt ſhe Triumphs in diſdain.

Ah Phillis remember yet,
what pleaſing delights I gave,
I am ſure you can't forget,
you ſaid I was brisk and brave:
'Twas under the Sycamore tree,
then, then, Oh then that ſame time,
You vow'd that you did love me,
and counted not love a crime.

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Thoſe kiſſes you gave me then,
will witneſs againſt your hate,
Come kiſs me ſo once agen,
and i'le never complain of my fate:
Thoſe delights you would equally ſhare
which were you conſenting you'd find;
Come hang't never ſigh nor fear,
but do't with a willing mind.

If that I for love ſhould dye,
you'd want ſuch a faithful friend;
You know it as well as I,
I need not my ſelf commend:
Your kindneſſes i'le reward,
and doubly your love i'le requite;
Then Phillis my ſuit regard,
and rob me not of my right.

Ah! was it not better far
when lovingly we did meet;
Then cruel thus as you are,
with hatred your Lover to greet:
That life which doth yet remain,
to love I for ever reſign;
And though I do ſuffer pain,
the fault ſhall be none of mine.

I am plung'd in a deſperate Pool
of folly, as well as Love,
For he is a negligent Fool,
that will not his time improve;
My Phillis once gave me her heart,
and lov'd me more dearer then life,
She vow'd ſhe would never part,
but live with me as a Wife.

I truſted too much on her vow,
and was not ſo fond as ſhe,
Which makes me repent it now,
becauſe ſhe is cruel to me:
This makes me diſtracted and mad,
and ſhall never be quiet in mind,
To think of thoſe joys I have had,
and find pritty Phillis unkind.

Ye powers of love can tell
my paſſion is true and juſt;
My Phillis I love ſo well,
that without her I periſh muſt:
So paſſionate's my deſire,
and ſo eagerly burns the flame;
That gladly I could expire,
repeating her very name.

I'le to her, and once agen
my deſperate ſorrows relate,
One ſmile would relieve my pain,
and baniſh my threatning fate:
If now I do fancy aright,
& the God of love ſtand but my friend
Then I ſhall have ſuch delight,
that never can have an
End.

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